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Going into a theatre in America to see a performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience," he said to a friend. "Ah, so-and-so, this is the homage that is paid by talent to genius!"

Once when he was going to meet a number of young men in discussion about his views on art and so on, I said to him I supposed he had all his arguments ready. He replied: "The sons of the Gods never argue; they simply state."

He was once saying to his wife how astonishingly young a newly married friend of hers looked. His wife, rather piqued, enquired: "Don't I look as young as she does, Oscar?" His answer was: "The difference is, that you look like a girl, and she looks like a child."

Wilde wanted to kill people who imitated him, but he at last understood, and said one day to a lady, the mother of the celebrated poet, Arthur Cravan: "I understand; it is admiration."



Blind

Blinder than oak-trees in the wind
 Endlessly weaving sighs into a poem
 To sight,
 He sits, the light of one pale purple lantern
 Seeping into his dream-hollowed face,
 Like floating, transparent words
 Pale with unuttered meanings.
 He mends a flute and sighs as though
 Its shadow leaned heavily upon his heart
 And told him things his dead eyes could not grasp.

Maxwell Bodenheim.